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AN EYE TO THE ERMIN.
 

A D R E A M .

BY ALBYN.

"WE LIVE IN DREAMS."

TENNYSON.

.....

HALIFAX, N. S.
PRINTED BY JAMES BOWES & SONS, BEDFORD ROW.
1871.

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AN EYE TO THE ERMINE.

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BY ALBYN. *pseud.*

Andrew Shields.

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AN EYE TO THE ERMINE.

A DREAM.

WHILST the conductors of the public press
Their lucubrations cast abroad by guess,
Of what has been, and what is yet to come
On any subject, equally at home,
And correspondents rather more polite
Give birth to bantlings, wonder may excite—
Various and vast the exhibitions made,
By some to please, by others to persuade
It matters little whether false or true
Or an abortion, if 'tis only new.

We claim attention, not as authors claim
Who make great lies a passport into fame ;
But let it be distinctly understood
This narrative is for the public good,
That as advisable, all may prepare
For the infliction Halifax must share,
And tho' it may seem premature, unavail
Some indications of the coming gale.

I dream'd one night when couch'd in calm repose
An apparition not far from me 'rose
The hands in front were so devoutly cross'd
I thought the thing must surely be a ghost
Or, one of these receptacles of sin
All saint without, all sepulchre within,
The depth of varnish on a picture frame,
And their religion, is about the same
Or, the enamelling an Artist lays
Upon the surface of an earthen vase—
The process can accomplish little more
Than to embellish what it covers o'er ;

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Save in appearance nothing else it gains,
 However faulty, faulty it remains
 But neither adds to, nor does it impair
 The native texture of the potter's ware.

Intrusive as such similes appear
 They simplify the vision written here
 And aid our pencil, limited at best
 To shed some light on the nocturnal guest.
 So, in continuation we declare
 The smallest portion of the face was bare
 Beneath the eyebrows, flapping up and down
 What might be eyelids, tho' that is unknown ;
 But in the curious exhibition made
 Not insignificant the part they play'd ;
 Perhaps the movement might some issue feign
 To make mysterious what was only plain.
 But this *en passant*, we proceed to draw
 An outline of the spectacle we saw,
 Where gravity co-mingled with grimace
 Upon the features found a fitting place ;
 A beard half bleach'd between a grey and brown
 That did the toilet totally disown
 And peering thro' the streaky tufts of hair
 The crinky crowfeet told a tale of care.
 In the confusion that attends a dream
 To me the thing did not familiar seem,
 The lanky figure tho' but dimly seen
 Appear'd the leanest of the very lean
 And no skye terrier set in a rat pit,
 Could look more sad, and shaky like than it.
 Nor would that fierce one follows Donald Ross,
 Behave at once so christianlike and cross.

The scene was barren of a single trace
 Beyond the commonest of common place
 No trait of classic, or of Attic taste
 A trav'ller's eye might rest on as he pass'd,
 But all the roughness that the "Bush" can give
 To a location, where the Indians live,
 Except a villa on a hill top placed
 That showed the owner destitute of taste,
 And the surroundings such as may be found
 Where pioneers and prejudice abound.

But, less the place, than did the personage
Our observations at the time engage.

I thought of "Praise God Barebones" in my sleep
And felt as if my flesh began to creep;
Then as the moon hid in behind a cloud
A human tongue began to talk aloud,
But in a stamm'ring hesitating mode
Which at the time did certainly seem odd,
Albeit a dream is only but a dream
And this one too extravagant may seem—
Yet as the tone some auguring implies,
To note it down might be considered wise,
Tho' oft abrupt the utterances made,
Still due attention to the truth is paid—
And into English heroies now penn'd
With history it may hereafter blend.

The first expressions in a strangled shout
Will not be soon from mem'ry blotted out,
And thus began ; "All, all my labour's vain
I'll never *never* trust to him again.

Ah! that black hearted Howe! I've been his drudge
And yet he did not get me made a judge;
For all the speeches that for him I made
Not even a cent have I been ever paid.

He is a selfish animal indeed;
Who leans on him leans on a broken reed.
But by and bye, he may not be so big,
When I am honour'd with a Judge's wig.

And it is possible I'll not forget
How very little I am in his debt
A longer lane they have to travel thro'
That has no turns, than this we are in now.

Dare he despise me? some strange thoughts are
mine!

My note unanswered—is it by design?
I had my packet carefully address'd
Weigh'd in the scales, and saw the stamps impress'd.
Breathed a reminiscence of long ago
And made quite sure that it would tickle Joe,
Even underlined some passages I wrote
Lest my appeal to him should be forgot,—

And charged him strictly to keep me in mind,
 Else he would thwart what nature had design'd.
 Nor is he ignorant of all that's meet
 To form a Judge is found in me complete.
 I could put on, just as the case required,
 The gravity and gloomness desired,
 And if occasion did demand could feign
 Quite the reverse and throw them off again.
 I'm of that keen, and comprehensive cast
 To me no subject ever seems too vast !
 Who knows, who knows the terrible effect
 Upon creation thro' his base neglect
 Much omenous my counsel might avert
 Provided always, I had my desert
 Especially now in the dying hours
 Of quiv'ring kingdoms, and of palsy'd pow'r's
 Even this Dominion cannot long escape
 Some retribution in a fearful shape ;
 But I will tell him, tell him to his face
 My treatment is a National disgrace.

There is a class of people that we find
 So reticent we never know their mind,
 The very little that they do unfold
 Is in a cramped, crooked manner told—
 Whilst others blab out all they know—and more !
 And some of it repeating o'er and o'er
 By them a great anxiety is shown
 For telling news that is already known.
 But I am not like either party,—they
 Are irksome both, tho' in a diff'rent way
 Unfit, unfit, to be in public life,
 And have no tactics in forensic strife ;
 Yet all the best of situations these
 Do hold—hold if the cabinet they please—
 Whilst I, I, I, whilst I, whilst I
 Pass'd,—like old useless lumber, pass'd, pass'd by ;
 But if I only were a Judge, no doubt
 A better system I could bring about,
 And merit simply should from me have aid
 In any new appointment to be made.
 Of course I would a preference allow

To those who may accommodate me now,
 Yet weed out ey'ry drowsy Drone who may
 Presume to question anything I say
 Distinguishing most carefully between
 My friends that are, and those that erst have been.

I do not fault the new appointments, no—
 But something to my own respect I owe
 I'm of a higher standing at the “Bar”
 Than either Ritchie or McCully are.
 I should have been, yes, I should have been one—
 But now my chance, the chance I had is gone.
 Then these two Senators ! I see, I see
 Their salaries are not enough for me.
 I'm not surpass'd in qualities of mind,
 My character is of a faultless kind,
 In my profession, far up on the list,
 And in the Court there's none would be more miss'd.
 An elder too, what would our church become
 Were I not in it, or my tongue were dumb ?
 Besides, I've brains, but what are brains like mine
 More than fine pearls among a herd of swine
 Even in the Synod, of the speeches there
 There's none of them that can with mine compare :
 A single syllable has not bee aid
 Against *that* overture in it I made,
 Professor King himself breathed not a word
 In opposition, 'tho' he's so absurd.
 And further, furthermore, I rule
 The Dartmouta Presbyterian Sabbath School—
Once Presbyterian, 'tho' I must allow
 That such a term might be disputed *now*
 “ Conglomerate,” more apposite would be
 And strictly true, but what is it to me
 Altho' it does seem strange a Scottish Act
 Of parliament, or any thing in fact,
 Except what Scripture says, should interfere
 In the Church matters, and discipline here.
 But then Professor King, not long ago
 Said in the presbyt'ry that it was so :
 And as objections were not made, of course
 Scotch Law, and not the Scripture is in force.

This may explain the difference between
 Profession made, and practice often seen,
 But let that pass at present ; it will not
 Take from, nor give to me, a single vote
 So, as I said before—to oversee
 The Sabbath School, has been assign'd to me.
 Even when the young men meet in Lawlor's Hall
 As president, I'm placed above them all—
 Nor can a lovelier spot on earth be seen
Than "Evergreen ;" my farm of evergreen !

A landscape where the eye delights to rest
 Encircling it on north, and east, and west,
 And on the south the great Atlantic sea
 Perpetual pleasure furnishes to me
 In all directions, both far off and near
 The country seats of gentlemen appear
 The princely Lodge, and palace looking pile
 Of ev'ry structure, and in ev'ry style
 Where ever seen upon the gentle slope
 Or in the vale, or on the high hill-top,
 Where ever seen, nor is the circuit small,
 My Evergreen's the glory of them all.

And when the railroad comes down past my hill,
 As I am certain some day that it will,
 The building lots that lie along the line
 Which I can sell *then* off this farm of mine,
 I calculate within the narrowest bounds
 Will bring me in an hundred thousand pounds !
 So whether I've a Judgeship then or not
 I will not give one farthing for a vote.
 And who can tell but in some future day
 When statesmen mark the talents I display
 Or come to feel the influence I wield,
 An influence I've kept too long conceal'd,
 As some acknowledgment for what I've done
 Since that time my politic "spurs" were won,
 When I did these astounding letters write
 (The world admires) above the name of "Bright."
 In them, in them, I paved the way for Howe
 To gain that office he is filling now
 And only for these letters that I wrote

The situation he had never got.
 Then it is only justice to suppose
 That from the fountain whence all honour flows,
 Some slight reward, however slight it be
 I am expecting should distinguish me :
 I *may be knighted !!* by our gracious Queen—
 Sir Eustace Egotist of Evergreen
 Or Duke of Dartmouth ; if there's aught to spare
 In the Dominion, I must have a share.
 I'm sure there's many a numskull gets K. B.
 Does not deserve it half so well as me :
 And then, O then, o'er Howe and Tupper set,
 Premier in the Deminion cabinet,
 I'll dash thro' Ottawa, as dash I can
 In a state carriage, with a double span

True Peter Archbold said the other day
 To Peter Lynch in his own cynie way
 (I hold his bald assertion to be fudge)
 " That Lawyer James will not make a good judge ;
 In place of giving criminals their meed
 He would be winking at an evil deed."
 Ah ! that does smell of Truro sure enough,
 It sounds exactly like their silly stuff.
 But it is quite excusable in him
 As Peter's sight is sometimes very dim :
 And in the afternoon what he observes
 Depends more on the *glasses* than the nerves,
 Excepting now and then some wretched pun—
 He may get rid of in the way of fun.
 There is but little of a brilliant east
 Beyond his spectacles has ever pass'd.
 So his opinion, if it can be said
 He has one, shall not make me ^{more} afraid
 But in hereafter when I'm on the " Bench"
 Who then upon my dignity shall trench ?
 Altho' I may one courteous smile afford
 When Peter bows, and says to me, " my Lord !"

Now my belief is that the reason why
 My elevation until by and bye
 Has been postponed, is that, except the Chief
 I would, I would put all the Bench to grief

Altho' good men, they're not from errors free
 And none of them so competent as me.
 Has not the Judge of Equity declared
 How very well my cases are prepared—
 And down in Lunenburg even Motton said
 He never heard a speech, like one I made,
 That was the term a Dutchman ask'd me what
 In all the Devil I was blinking at?
 If I imagined he was speaking lies
 Why could I not be keeping still my eyes—
 And the Prothonotary's tongue let slip
 Some loose aspersions on a partnership
 Which, if existing placed me on a par,
 With one scarce ever equall'd at the Bar.
 Now such admissions I have cause to know
 Do not from any friendly feelings flow
 But admiration would not be confined
 When in the presence of a master mind.

It does seem strange that no account is made
 Of all the smartest sayings I have said;
 Altho' at times some of them may be odd
 Or quaint, but then it is my native mode.
 My wit, my wit, my wit, is so refined
 The efflux of a cultivated mind,
 And always is so delicately keen
 That undiscover'd it has often been
 Even in debate, however rudely stirr'd.
 Polish'd, and playful as a humming bird.
 But then a home-thrust in the present day
 Is only mental culture flung away :
 So small, so small, is the attention paid
 To many things that's elegant, I've said.

Tho' in whatever merit may obtain
 I really have no reason to complain.
 But ah ! but ah ! distinguish'd as I am
 Such eminence is only but a sham.
 There is no fees, no salary—no not
 One cent for all the trouble I have got,
 Such empty honours I could well resign
 If only a Chief Justiceship were mine.

One thing, one thing to me is very clear
 That I am not in my position here.
 I must be off to Ottawa at once
 And see myself if there be any chance.
 Oh ! if I had a thousand pounds to spare
 So I might sit on the red benches there.
 The sum is large, but nobody would grudge
 Tho' it were double to be made a Judge
 Were I in Ottawa, the chance is still
 I might a bench in their Appeal Court fill
 Of my peculiar fitness Howe's aware
 To sit as Chancellor among them there.

I must have a constituency,—it
 It may be something difficult to get
 But I must have one either right or wrong
 O yes, I must, and that before 'tis long,
 Between the drunkards, and the temp'rance folk
 Elections now would any saint provoke,
 'Tis so annoying to a pious mind
 One suitable among them all to find,
 But I'll consider what will likeliest be
 And most convenient situate for me,
 Not any of the counties would refuse
 A seat to me, I only have to choose,
 In five, or six, or seven of them at least
 (The number can be easily increased
 If requisite;) and in the whole command
 A large majority if rightly planu'd
 But, if it did so happen, I could not
 Be personally present on the spot,
 And any other booby did succeed,
 My disappointment would be great indeed.
 Proceedings must be enter'd on with care,
 A seat is such a critical affair—
 Oft contests are, and scrutinies become
 So much involved, that they have ruin'd some—
 Hence mortgaged farms, and bankruptcies unfold,
 How at the Hustings dupes are bought and sold,
 And I must either bribe, and lie, and cheat
 As others do, or suffer a defeat.
 It is a sad dilemma I am in—

Sad if I lose, and just as sad to win,
 In self defence, then, if I must, I must
 And try,—I'll try in Providence to trust,
 If not, perhaps some loophole I may find,
 No qualms of conscience politicians bind.

Nor are precedents wanting, no one raves
 So much at knavery as the greatest knaves ;
 There's Howe, and Tupper, and McFarlane, then
 That nonsuch Northup, all religious men !
 If not religious, yet they bear the name
 Of being so, and that's almost the same.
 And Archibald too, not one among the lot
 A situation so distinguish'd got—
 And that McLellan creature, what is he ?
 A grocer,—not comparable to me ;
 And others crowding the Dominion hive,
 The merest upstarts, yet how well they thrive.
 But I'm determined some of them shall budge :
 If not, if not, I must be made a Judge.

There is an awkward barrier in the way
 An awkward barrier, haunts me night and day ;
 It is not what the Dartmouth folk surmise,
 That is not where the difficulty lies.
 Tho' that report about the cord of wood
 The truckman publish'd, has done me no good ;
 And also, also, but that story's old
 Only I wish it never had been told
 These give me no disturbance, none at all ;
 Trifles like these seem at the present, small !
 But in the contemplation, I am lost
 Of how, and where, is to be found the cost.
 If some constituency I could find
 To me, to me so generous inclined
 As send a requisition, and commence
 An active canvass, free of all expense ;
 Then would anxiety be set at rest
 Anxiety that cannot be express'd—
 To all insinuations I have made
 Upon that subject, no attention's paid.
 And as there is no preference to show,
 That hope is gone,—I'm still in *statu quo*

Such disappointments I must try to hide
 And on some other principle decide.
 But these expenses, reckon as I may,
 Will be enormous I shall have to pay ;
 Enormous !! yes, enormous not a doubt,
 But then I cannot get the seat without.
 Ten times I've lopp'd off extras from the Bill
 But after all it is enormous still.

Those minor matters until by and bye
 Say for a month must in abeyance lie,
 Not one side issue now shall interfere
 That my decision may be calm and clear.
 The question is, and should be answer'd now
 But is to me, of vast importance—how—
 I have been parleying with the subject long
 And equally the *pros* and *cons* are strong,
 Yet are they all within a nutshell pent
 Which of the counties, I shall represent ?

I made a charge, nor can it be denied
 Festivities the place of prayer supplied
 Among the Delegates ere they began
 To map the west in the confed'rate plan,
 And 'tho' it has my approbation won
 The deed itself was godlessly begun.
 I mean a different system to pursue,
 No heathenish orgies shall distract my view,
 But this degenerate age, for once shall see
 The Christian, and the Gentleman in me.

No doubt but Pieton would do very well
 Or Lunenburg ;—but nobody can tell
 Until they try ; and the expense will be
 If I should lose, most ruinous to me.
 Besides, even if I did obtain the seat
 To either one the distance is too great.
 Then, there is Hants ; but at the very best
 Its ticklishness is everywhere confess,
 And it is said among the smaller fry
 The price of votes in Windsor is too high.
 Well there's Annapolis where I am acquaint
 And half the people think I am a saint,
 I care but little whether half or whole

If they would place me highest on the poll,
 But then, but then, they have so many wants
 That after all it may be worse than Hants.
 Still, there is Kings, and Queens, in both of them—
 In both of them I have no special—hem !
 There is so many cliques and coteries
 And all of them so difficult to please,
 And always changing ;—that would never do !
 I'd lose the seat, and lose the Judgeship too
 Besides objections would be raised by some
 I really could not ; could not overcome.

I think ;—but it is possible to err
 A seat for Halifax I would prefer.
 Next week, next week, I'll take my dogs and gun
 And feel the pulses eastward just for fun
 Then walk some idle afternoon out west
 In such a mode as I consider best,
 And in a kind of accidental way
 Hear what the bone and sinew have to say ;
 Nor will the wisest of the very wise
 The errand that I am upon surmise.
 Of city votes, my friends will make secure
 Two thirds at least, of half of them I'm sure ;
 Yes, I will try it, how I will rejoice
 If the Electors do make me their choice.

Among the number of my friends, I claim
 The very highest both in rank and name,
 Especially since that auspicious hour
 To serve myself I join'd the men in pow'r,
 Yet after all I know that there are some
 With whom I might more popular become,
 If any Institution would arise
 Without suspicion I could patronize :
 Some enterprize wherein my name confess
 Might give me prestige higher than the rest.
 Perhaps I should stand forth and first begin
 (Altho' the scheme be thinnest of the thin)
 An Asylum for the inebriates ; few
 More fit than me to bring it into view,
 And whilst my sayings did the cause promote
 Might for myself secure an extra vote.

What time this session of the Court is o'er
 I'll set it in the public eye once more
 And call a meeting some day soon, and see
 If the elite will form a committee ;
 To have my name on the official list
 As secretary, greatly will assist
 In nursing those associations—may
 Prove beneficial on election day,
 And furnish proof both positive and clear,
 Of what account I am consider'd here.

But I must be, yes, I must be prepared
 And in the meantime might write out my card ;
 If things look favourable then I may
 Make up a speech for Nomination day.
 To please all parties, there is not a man
 In Halifax to do it as I can—
 And would begin, had I an audience here
 Altho' I hope there is none very near.
 But if there was, and I addressing them
 Then I would say,—hem, I would say,—hem—hem—
 My Lord, and ge—gen—gentle—gentlemen,
 Of the, of the ju—jury—jury—when
 When,—please Electors, do let me revise
 My gross mistake ; let me apologise,
 I ask for your indulgence to amend
 For having said what I did not intend.
 I beg your pardon, and I keep in mind
 How long ago you were to me so kind
 When first to public life I ventured in
 And then, as now your confidence did win.
 A great responsibility on me was laid
 When clerk to the Assembly I was made,
 Then, my official character, and name
 Familiar to the Provinces became,
 And ever since I've gain'd in your esteem
 Which keeps so fresh my fondly cherish'd dream.
 A strong desire,—a strong desire is mine
 In my position brighter still to shine,
 And add to leading Barrister at Law
 Your representative at Ottawa !!!

On the red benches there, both you and me
 Have interests the same ; and I would be
 In circumstances adequate to claim
 Advantages you may see fit to name,
 And could explain unto the members there
 All your suggestions to a very hair.
 With men of every creed my eloquence
 Will always have commanding influence.
 I'll have our Harbour cover'd o'er with ships,
 Shall both the Hudson, and the Thames eclipse,
 And the tariff upon all merchandise
 Made reasonable in the Merchant's eyes :
 What goods in Bonded Warehouses are pent
 Shall never pay more than one half per cent.
 And patents granted without any fee
 Or charge whatever to the patentee,
 All native talent of a genuine kind
 Encouragement at Ottawa shall find ;
 And ev'ry craft that from our ports may sail
 Shall have a bounty on a liberal scale.
 I'll patronize Mechanics, and their claims
 Shall not be less familiar than their names :
 Inventions new, and manufactures rare
 Shall be entitled to my special care,
 Whilst ev'ry Mine and Mineral *per se*
 Shall have attention paid to them by me,
 No lynx-eyed stranger after this shall meet
 An idle tradesman walking on the street,
 The heart of business in our city throb
 Till it become emporium for the globe,
 And Halifax the capital be made
 Of art, and science, and the soul of trade.

But keeping more immediately in view
 The line of conduct that I will pursue,
 And what concerns our yeomen ev'rywhere
 I now, I now, most solemnly declare,
 I'll have at once in our taxation made
 A large reduction ; and a premium paid,
 To every one who takes a plow in hand
 Or lifts a hoe to labour on the land.
 The fishermen shall have their outfit free

And not a cent of duty there shall be
 Upon their pork, molasses, tea, and flour
 Provided always, you give me the power.
 I dont condemn the members we have now
 But I could manage better you'll allow.
 I'm a Confed'rate, but like other men
 Accepted of the situation, when
 I had an axe to grind, and there was none
 Among the "Antis" that would turn the stone
 I was convinced, I did not, did not rat—
 Nor was a traitor.—any thing bat that.
 There's Howe and Northup both did just the same
 And very few do either of them blame.
 Some people call it ratting, but Howe says
 Our summersets are only change of base,
 As at the most, such leaps as his and mine
 Are accidental more than by design.
 Hence the new policy that we uphold
 By circumstances merely is control'd.
 And really, really I am glad to know
 On such authority that it is so :
 I feel so ugly to be pointed at
 By the canaille and be call'd a rat.
 There is a something so degrading in
 The idea of having vermin for ones kin
 Especially a rat, tho' I admit
 That long ago the "Anti" squad I quit.
 But if I can a seat from you secure
 At Ottawa ; my motives being pure,
 I'm sure there is not one of you would grudge
 To see your member made into a Judge ;
 And it would be a credit to you all
 If such good fortune should to me befall.

My creed, my creed, there's nothing in it new
 But always keeping the main chancee in view :
 In every circumstance, let every man
 Do for himself the very best he can.
 I was an "Anti," and would be again
 If by the change I could some end obtain.
 Men talk of principles, but you will find
 In politics, there's nothing of the kind,

As in the past, so in the present age
 Emolument and office is the gauge.
 I have ambition, yes, but mine, but mine
 Is laudable,—it is—almost Divine,
 It is a feeling that I strive to hide,
 Nor is it much observable outside,
 And is from pride as distant as midnight
 Is separated from the broad daylight.
 Or, in accordance more with your ideas
 Is just as different as chalk from cheese.
 The simile is rather commonplace,
 But most appropriate in the present case ;
 Nor is it to be rich, that I aspire—
 No, my ambition, gentlemen, soars higher
 And is more of that charitable kind
 That in this world not every day you find.
 However it may be misunderstood
 'Tis always, always to be doing good,
 And if a little selfishness creep in
 Yet selfishness like mine is not a sin;
 It is a natural consequence entwines
 With all, with all our very best designs ;
 This makes it an especial reason how
 That every effort should be doubled now:
 For my defeat, there's nothing to atone
 The wig, the wig, will be for ever gone.

I have much more, much more I could express,
 But 'tis no use to lengthen my address,
 Not one elector here but understands
 I place myself completely in your hands.
 I know, I know, and it gives me delight
 To know you'll do exactly what is right.
 I think ther's not before me now a man
 But is determined to do all he can
 And deeply sensible of your regard
 For me, will canvass, canvass every Ward,
 And the outlying districts will,—in short
 Give me, give me a generous support.
 At least the men of Musquodoboit will
 Their promises, their promises fulfill ;
 But fast and loose, to get all that they can

With Chizzetcookers, ever is the plan.
 That makes no odds, we have, we have afloat
 A large majority without their vote
 In Preston, Laurenceetown, and Porter's Lake
 And all Cole Harbour, there is no mistake.
 Then there is Dartmouth, and the Passage too,
 No room is left to question what they'll do.
 There is not many I can count upon
 Up Bedford Basin, and in Sackville none
 On Windsor road perhaps, perhaps a few
 Of my old clients, scarcely more than two,
 Nor is there any information yet
 Of Hammonds Plains, how many votes I'll get ;
 There is some likelihood I must admit
There the freeholders will agree to split ;
 And if they really do as they design
 The lion's share will probably be mine.
 But all the way along the western shore
 I'm sure to have, excepting three or four,
 The opposition at the Hustings may
 Pick up such stragglers as come in their way,
 But even allowing of a margin, wide,
 No doubt the verdict will be on my side ;
 I mean, that the majority will be
 Will be, be largely in behalf of me.
 But when the Poll is closed, the books will show
 What I, what I to the electors owe ;
 And I am certain, certain I repeat,
 Yes, I am certain, you'll give me the seat.
 Once more, once more, and then I'm done, once more
 If I'm return'd when the election's o'er,
 Come all, come all on proclamation day
 And hear what farther I have then to say ;
 I'll be prepared, I'll be prepared to speak
 And thank you all if it should take a " week."
 There came a pause ; collapsed the speaker stood
 And peer'd around him in a pensive mood,
 Whilst I, 'tho' questionable it may seem
 Were it not part and parcel of the dream,
 One half asleep, awake the other half
 Kept listening for another paragraph,

And heard George Campbell's bantam rooster clap
His wings, and crow, which spoil'd my pleasing nap :
But starting up thought how I might rehearse
The curious vision in becoming verse :
And then and there a memorandum made
By jotting down *verbatim* what was said.
Brief as it is I only have to add
"Tis not like those the kings of Chaldea had,
Theirs wanted an Interpreter, but mine
Is self interpreting in every line.

This time at least we deem our quondam friend
"The meaning of the man," will comprehend,
Nor to the Parson need apologise
For what is patent to the publick eyes,
Nor absolution from his Rev'rence crave
If he should be mistaken for a knave.

Octr. 18th, 1870.

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